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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MY CHILD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The good-night prayer at length is said,
And closely cradled in her bed
My little daughter lies;
The dimpled hands above her breast
Are folded in their quiet rest,
And closed the deep blue eyes.

How restless through the livelong day
Those little feet have pined their way,
Those little hands have played;
With book, or toy, or simple game,
With throbbing heart and busy brain
Each golden hour was weighed.

But night, sweet night for soft repose!—
When daylight fades and curtains close,
My darling slumbers well;
Oh! angels, from your radiant sphere,
Look gently on my treasure here,
And guard my Ida Belle!

Sole blossom of a heart that lives
To break each wind that rudely gives
Its chill by night or day,
Oh! lend thine influence pure and sweet,
And wind the sunshine round her feet
Wherever she may stray!

And thou, oh, Time! keep gentlest guard;
Be not thy prints too cold or hard
For fairest flowers to bloom—
But if, perchance, the thorns will spring,
And sorrow follow on the wing,
Let Love dispel the gloom.

While Truth and Goodness hand and hand
Full many a shadow countermand,
And Hope glows bright before,
Let Faith then guide thee to the gate,
Where angels in their glory wait
To open wide the door!

CORINNE.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNING," "EAST
LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS,"
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's
Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-
trict of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

LIONEL'S PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS.

Lady Verner, like many more of us, found that misfortunes do not come singly.—Coeval almost with that great misfortune, Lionel's marriage—at any rate, coeval with his return to Verner's Pride with his bride—another vexation befel Lady Verner. Had Lady Verner found real misfortunes to contend with, it is hard to say how she would have borne them. Perhaps Lionel's marriage to Sibyl was a real misfortune; but this second vexation assuredly was not: at any rate, to Lady Verner.

Some women—and Lady Verner was one—are fond of scheming and planning. Whether it be the laying out of a flower-bed, or

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, MARYLAND—BURNside's DIVISION CARRYING THE BRIDGE OVER THE ANTIETAM CREEK, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie's Paper," represents Burnside's division carrying the stone bridge over Antietam Creek, and storming the rebel position in front of the left wing of our army.

the laying out of a marriage, they must plan and project. Disappointment with regard to her own daughter—for Decima most unquestionably disclaimed any match-making on her own score, Lady Verner had turned her hopes in this respect on Lucy Tempest. She deemed that she should be ill-fulfilling the responsibilities of her guardianship, unless when Colonel Tempest returned to England, she could present Lucy to him, a wife: or, at least, engaged to be one. Many a time now did she unavailingly wish that Lionel had chosen Lucy, instead of her whom he had chosen. Although—and mark how we estimate things by comparison! when, in the old days, Lady Verner had fancied Lionel was growing to like Lucy, she had told him emphatically it "would not do." Why would it not do? Because, in the estimation of Lady Verner, Lucy Tempest was less desirable in a social point of view than the Earl of Elmsley's daughter, and upon the latter lady had been fixed her hopes for Lionel.

All that was past and gone. Lady Verner had seen the fallacy of sublunar hopes and projects. Lady Mary Elmsley was rejected—Lionel had married in direct defiance of every body's advice—and Lucy was open to offers, as Lady Verner supposed; but she was destined to find herself unpleasantly disappointed.

One came forward with an offer to her.—That was no other than the Earl of Elmsley's son, Viscount Garle. A pleasant man, of eight-and-twenty years; and he was often at Lady Verner's. He had been intimate there a long while, going in and out as unscrupulously as did Lionel or Tala. Lady Verner and Decima could tell a tale that no one else suspected. How, in the years gone by—some four or five years ago now—he had grown to love Decima with his whole heart; and Decima had rejected him. In spite of his sincere love; of the advantages of the match; of the angry indignation of Lady Verner, Decima had steadfastly rejected him. For some time Lord Garle would not take the rejection: but one day, when my lady was out, Decima spoke with him privately for five minutes, and from that hour Lord Garle had known there was no hope; and been content to begin, there and then, and strive to love her only as a sister. The little episode was never known: Decima and Lady Verner had kept counsel, and Lord Garle had not told tales of himself. Next to Lionel,

Lady Verner had liked Lord Garle better than any one—ten times better than she liked unvarnished Jan; and he was allowed the run of the house as though he had been its son. The first year of Lucy's arrival—the year of Lionel's illness, Lord Garle had been away from the neighborhood; but somewhere about the time of Sibyl's return, he had come back to it. Seeing a great deal of Lucy, as he necessarily did, being so much at Lady Verner's, he grew to esteem and love her. Not with the same love he had borne for Decima—a love, like that, with never come twice in a lifetime—but with a love sufficiently warm, notwithstanding.

And he asked her to become his wife.

There was triumph for Lady Verner!—Next to Decima—and all hope of that was dead forever—she would like Lord Garle to marry Lucy. A real triumph, the presenting her to Colonel Tempest on his return, my Lady Viscountess Garle! In the delight of her heart she betrayed something of this to Lucy.

"But I am not going to marry him, Lady Verner," objected Lucy.

"You are going to marry him, Lucy. He confided to me the fact of his intention this morning before he spoke to you. He has spoken to you, has he not?"

"Yes," replied Lucy. "But I cannot accept him."

"You—cannot? What are you talking of?" cried Lady Verner.

"Please not to be angry, Lady Verner! I could not marry Lord Garle."

Lady Verner's lips grew pale.

"And pray why can you not?" she demanded.

"I—don't like him," stammered Lucy.

"Nor like him!" repeated Lucy Verner.—

"Why, what can there be about Lord Garle that you young ladies do not like?" she wondered; her thoughts cast back to the former rejection by Decima. "He is good-looking, he is sensible; there's not so attractive a man in all the country, Lionel Verner excepted."

Lucy's face turned to a fiery glow.

"Had I known he was going to ask me, I would have requested him not to do so beforehand, as my refusal has displeased you," she simply said. "I am sorry you should be vexed with me, Lady Verner."

"It appears to me that nothing but vexation is to be the portion of my life!" uttered Lady Verner. "Thwarted—thwarted always!"

—on all sides. First from one, then the other—noting but crosses and vexations! What did you say to Lord Garle?"

"I told Lord Garle that I could not marry him; that I should never like him well enough—for he said, if I did not care for him now, I might, later. But I told him no; it was impossible. I like him very well as a friend, but that's all."

"Why don't you like him?" repeated Lucy Verner.

"I don't know," whispered Lucy, standing before Lady Verner like a culprit, her eyes cast down, and her eyelashes resting on her hot, crimsoned face.

"Do you know what you have rejected?" asked Lady Verner. "You would have been a peeress of England. His father won't live forever."

"But I should not care to be a peeress," sobbed Lucy. "And I don't like him."

"Mamma, please do not say any more," pleaded Decima. "Lucy is not to blame—if she does not like Lord Garle she could not accept him."

"Of course she is not to blame—according

to you, Miss Verner! You were not to blame, were you, when you rejected—some one we know of?" Not the least doubt that you will take her part! Young Bitterworth wished to have proposed to you: you sent him away—as you send all. And refuse to tell me your motive! Very dutiful you are, Decima!"

Decima turned away her pale face. She began to think Lucy would do better without her advocacy than with it.

"I cannot allow it to end thus," resumed Lady Verner to Lucy. "You must reconsider your determination, and recall Lord Garle."

The words frightened Lucy.

"I never can—I never can, Lady Verner!" she cried. "Please not to press it; it is of no use."

"I must press it," replied Lady Verner.

"I cannot allow you to throw away your future prospects in this childish manner.—

How should I answer for it to Colonel Tempest?"

She swept out of the room as she concluded, and Lucy, in an uncontrollable fit of emotion, threw herself on the bosom of Decima, and sobbed there. Decima hushed her to her shoulder, stroking her hair from her forehead with a fond gesture.

"What is it that has grieved you lately, Lucy?" she gently asked. "I am sure you have been grieving. I have watched you, Lucy as you appear to have been, it is a false gayety, seen only by fits and starts."

Lucy moved her face from the view of Decima.

"Oh, Decima! if I could but go back to papa!" was all she murmured. "If I could but go away, and be with papa!"

This little episode had taken place the day that Lionel Verner and his wife returned. On the following morning Lady Verner renewed the contest with Lucy. And they were deep in it—at least my Lady was, for Lucy's chief part was only a deprecatory silence, when Lionel arrived at Deerham Court, to pay that visit to his mother which you heard of.

"I insist upon it, Lucy, that you recall your unqualified denial," said Lady Verner.

"If you will not accept Lord Garle off hand, at any rate take time for consideration. I will inform Lord Garle that you do it by my wish."

"I cannot," replied Lucy, in a firm, almost a vehement tone. "I—you must not be angry with me, Lady Verner—indeed, I beg your pardon for saying it—but I will not."

"How dare you, Lucy?"

Her ladyship stopped at the sudden opening of the door, turning angrily to see what caused the interruption. Her servant appeared.

"Mr. Verner, my lady."

How handsome he looked as he came forward! Tall, noble, commanding. Never

more so; never so much as in Lucy's sight.

"I cannot allow it to end thus," resumed Lady Verner.

"At ten last night. How well you are looking, mother mine!"

"Jan is an odd fellow," assented Lionel.

"The worst is, you can't bring him to see himself, what is proper or improper," resumed Lady Verner. "He has no sense of fitness of things. He would go unblushing through the village with that black kettle held out before him, as he would if it were her Majesty's crown, borne on a velvet cushion."

"I am not sure but the crown would embarrass Jan more than the kettle," said Lionel, laughing still.

"Oh, I dare say it would be just like him. Have you heard of the disgraceful flitting away of some of the inhabitants here to go after the Mormons?" added my lady.

"Jan has been telling me of it. What with one thing and another, Deerham will rise into notoriety. Nancy has gone from Verner's Pride."

"Poor deluded woman!" ejaculated Lady Verner. "There's a story told in the village about that Peckab's wife—Decima can tell it best, though. I wonder where she is?"

Lucy rose.

"I will go and find her, [Lady Verner.]

No sooner had she quitted the room, than Lady Verner turned to Lionel, her manner changing. She began to speak rapidly, with some emotion.

"You observed that I looked well, Lionel. I told you I was flushed. The flush was caused by vexation, by anger. Not a week passes but something or other occurs to annoy me. I shall be worried into grave."

"What has happened?" inquired Lionel.

"It is about Lucy Tempest. Here she is, upon my hands, and of course I am responsible. She has no mother, and I am responsible for her welfare. She will soon be twenty years of age—though I am sure nobody would believe it, to look at her—and it is time that her settlement in life should, at all events, be thought of. But now, look how things turn out! Lord Garle—that whom a better part could not be wished—has fallen in love with her. He made her an offer yesterday, and she won't have him."



"Indeed!" replied Lionel, constrained to say something, but wishing Lady Verner would ascertain him with any other topic.

"We had quite a session here yesterday. Indeed, it has been removed this morning, and your coming is interrupted. I tell her that she must have him; at any rate, must take time to consider the advantages of the offer. She obstinately persists that she will not. I cannot think what can be her motive for rejection; almost any girl in the country would jump at Lord Garde."

"I suppose so," returned Lionel, pulling at a hole in his glove.

"I must get you to speak to her, Lionel. Ask her why she declines. Show her."

"I speak to her!" interrupted Lionel, in a startled tone. "I cannot speak to her about it, mother. It is no business of mine."

"Good heavens, Lionel! are you going to turn disobedient? And in so trifling a matter as this—trifling so far as you are concerned. Were it of vital importance to you, you might run counter to me; it is only what I should expect."

This was a stab at his marriage. Lionel replied by declaiming any influence over Miss Tempest.

"Where your arguments have failed, mine would not be likely to succeed."

"There you are mistaken, Lionel. I am certain that you hold a very great influence over Lucy. It is observed it first when you were ill, when she and Decima were so much with you. She has betrayed it in a hundred little ways; her opinions are formed upon yours; your tastes unconsciously bias hers. It is only natural. She has no brother, and no doubt has learnt to regard you as one."

Lionel hoped in his innocent heart that she did regard him only as a brother. Lady Verner continued:

"A word from you may have great effect upon her; and I desire, Lionel, that you will, in your duty to me, undertake that word. Point out to her the advantages of the match; tell her that you speak to her as her father; urge her to accept Lord Garde; or, as I say, not to summarily reject him without consideration, upon the childish plea that she 'does not like him.' She was terribly agitated last night; nearly went into hysterics. Decima tells me, after I left her; all her burthen being that she wished she could go away to India."

"Mother—you know how pleased I should be to obey any wish of yours; but this is not a proper business for me to interfere with," urged Lionel, a red spot upon his cheek.

"Why is it not?" pointedly asked Lady Verner, looking hard at him and waiting for an answer.

"I do not deem it to be so. Neither would Lucy consider my interference justifiable."

"But, Lionel, you take up wrong notions! I wish you to speak in my place, just as if you were her father; in short, acting for her father. As to what Lucy may consider, or not consider in the matter, that is of very little consequence. Lucy is so perfectly unsophisticated, so simple in her ideas, that were I to desire my maid Therese to give her a lecture, she would receive it as something proper."

"I should be most unwilling to—"

"Hold your tongue, Lionel. You must do it. Here she is."

"I could not find Decima, Lady Verner," said Lucy, entering. "When I had been all over the house for her, Catherine told me Miss Decima had gone out. She has gone to Clay Lane on some errand for Jan."

"Oh, of course for Jan!" resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "Nothing else, I should think, would take her to Clay Lane. You see, Lionel!"

"There's nothing in Clay Lane that will hurt Decima, mother."

Lady Verner made no reply. She walked to the door, and stood with the handle in her hand, turning round to speak.

"Lucy, I have been acquainting Lionel with that affair between you and Lord Garde. I have requested him to speak to you upon the point; to ascertain your precise grounds of objection, and—so far as he can do away with them. Try your best, Lionel."

She quitted the room, leaving them standing opposite each other. Standing like two statues, Lionel's heart awoke him. She looked so innocent, so good, in her delicate morning dress, with its grey ribbons and its white lace on the sleeves, open to the small fair arms. Simple as the dress was, it looked, in its exquisite taste, worth ten of Sibylla's elaborate French costumes. Her cheeks were glowing, her hands were trembling, as she stood there in her self-consciousness.

Terribly self-conscious was Lionel. He strove to say something, but in his embarrassment could not get out a single word. The conviction of the grievous fact, that she loved him, went right to his heart in that moment, and seated itself there. Another grievous fact came home to him; that she was more to him than the whole world. However he had pushed the suspicion away from his mind, refused to dwell on it, kept it down, it was all too plain to him now. He had made Sibylla his wife; and he stood there, fearing that he loved Lucy above all created things.

He crossed over to her, and laid his hand fondly and gently on her head, as he moved to the door. "May God forgive me, Lucy!" broke from his white and trembling lips. "My own punishment is heavier than yours."

There was no need of further explanation on either side. Each knew that the love of the other was theirs, the punishment keenly bitter, as surely as if a hundred words had told it. Lucy sat down as the door closed behind him, and wondered how she should get through the long dreary life before her.

And Lionel? Lionel went out by Jan's favorite way, the back, and plunged into a dark lane where neither ear nor eye was on him. He uncovered his head, he threw back his coat, he lifted his breath to catch only a gasp of air. The sense of dishonor was stifling him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

STIFLED WITH DISHONOR.

Lionel Verner was just in that frame of mind which struggles to be carried out of itself. No matter whether by pleasure or pain, so that it is not that particular pain from which it would find escape, the mind seeks yearningly to forget itself, to be lifted out anywhere, or by any means, from its trouble. Conscience was doing heavy work with Lionel. He had destroyed his own happiness: that was nothing; he could bathe it out, and nobody be the wiser or the worse, save himself; but he had blighted Lucy's.

"There was the sting that tortured him. A man of sensitively refined organization, keenly alive to the feelings of others—full of repentant consciousness when wrong was worked through him, he would have given his whole future life, and all its benefits, to undo the work of the last few months. Either that he had never met Lucy, or that he had not married Sibylla. Which of those two events he would have preferred to recall, he did not trust himself to think: whatever may have been his faults, he had, until now, believed himself to be a man of honor. It was too late. Give what he would, strive as he would, repeat as he would, the ill could neither be undone nor mitigated: it was one of those unhappy things for which there is no redress; they must be borne as they best can, in patience and silence.

With these thoughts and feelings full upon him, little wonder was there that Lionel Verner, some two hours after quitting Lucy, should turn into Peckaby's shop. Mrs. Peckaby was seated back from the open door, crying and moaning, and swaying herself about, apparently in terrible pain, physical or mental. Lionel remembered the story of the white donkey, and he stepped in to question her: anything for a minute's diversion; anything to drown the care that was racking him. There was a subject on which he wished to speak to Roy, and that took him down Clay Lane.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Peckaby?"

Mrs. Peckaby rose from her chair, curtailed, and sat down again. But for the state of tribulation she was in, she would have remained standing.

"Oh, sir, I have just had a upset!" she sobbed. "I see the white tail of a pony a-going by, and I thought it might be some 'at else. It did give me a turn!"

"What did you think it might be?"

"I thought it might be the tail of a different sort of animal. I be a-going a far journey, sir, and I thought it was, may be, the quadruple come to fetch me. I'm a-going to New Jerusalem on a white donkey."

"So I hear," said Lionel, suppressing a smile, in spite of his heavy heart. "Do you go all the way on the white donkey, Mrs. Peckaby?"

"Sir, that's a matter that's hid from me," answered Mrs. Peckaby. "The gentleman that was sent back to me by Brother Jarrum, hadn't had particulars revealed to him."

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A WORD IN SEASON.

The General Order, number 163, recently issued by Gen. McClellan, is a fitting word fitly spoken.

Not especially with reference to the proclamation of emancipation do we commend it, but with reference to that great principle of the subordination of the military to the civil power, which lies at the very foundation of republican government.

Habits have been thrown out by unprincipled men during the course of the last year of the possibility of a military usurpation in these United States. Certain newspaper writers have not scrupled to refer to the examples of Cromwell and Napoleon as something that might possibly be imitated in America—and have even dared to connect the names of McClellan and Fremont with the unholy careers of military usurpers.

Such unprincipled and slanderous writers have now their answer. Gen. McClellan, for one of the two thus maligned, in his recent order, lays the axe to the root of all such corrupt dreamings in the following clear and expressive language:—

The Constitution confides to the civil authorities, legislative, judicial and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding, and executing the Federal laws. Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects.

This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our Republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier.—The principle upon which, and the objects for which, arms shall be employed in suppressing rebellion, must be determined and declared by the civil authorities, and the Chief Executive, who is charged with the administration of the National affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the Government can be made known to the armies of the nation. The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls.

Now, in the name of all that is sacred and republican, let us hear no more of these dark and vile whispers. We have no General that would attempt to gratify an unholy ambition by the ruin of his country's liberties—we have no army that could be made the tool of an usurper. The grave of Washington blocks up that path. The intelligence of our people would suffer no man to walk in it, and live. Not yet is America so sunk in feebleness and infamy as to welcome the imperial sceptre, and gladly hail the purple robe.

AMUSING.

The New York correspondent of the *London Morning Herald*, in his letter of September 9th to that journal, says:—

"It is a bold undertaking of the rebels to attack Philadelphia, but they know what they are about. If they march on Philadelphia, that city will surrender without firing a gun, notwithstanding all the noise and talk. The Mayor and the principal citizens want the Southern trade. They are jealous of New York, and had rather be captured than not."

The above is news to our citizens. Certainly we have taken a singular mode of displaying our unwillingness to fight, and our carelessness whether we are captured or not. We have raised about 30,000 men, and a million of dollars—not including our regular taxation—for the war; we sent the bravest and best that remained at home, including a large proportion of our "principal citizens," to the state line—and below it—to repel the recent menaced invasion; and yet, according to this London correspondent, we "had rather be captured than not."

If we can do all this when (according to this London authority) we are utterly indifferent about the war, it is a good thing for the rebels that we are not in earnest. If they succeed once in getting our Quaker blood up, there is no telling what we may do. Let them beware. In the words of a celebrated poet, we may exclaim—

Jeff. Davis, Jeff. Davis, beware of the day,
When the Quakers shall meet thee in battle array,
For a field of the dead rushes red on thy sight,
And the hordes of the rebels are scattered in flight.

THE LAST DITCH."

When the English ambassador, Buckingham, urged the Prince of Orange (afterwards King of England) to consider the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, unjustly attacked as they were by the combined forces of England and France:—"There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin, *I will die in the last ditch*." As Holland is peculiarly a land of dykes and ditches, we see the naturalness of the Prince's emphatic declaration.

MORE VICTORIES.

According to the latest reports, Grant and Rosecrans at Corinth, and Buell in Kentucky, have won splendid victories over their rebel opponents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE STARS AND STRIPES OF REBELLION. A series of papers written by Federal Prisoners (Privates) in Richmond, Tuscaloosa, New Orleans, and Salisbury. With an Appendix. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In four volumes. Vol. III. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE. By the author of "A Present Heaven." With an Introduction by John G. Whittier. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia.

THIRTEEN MONTHS IN THE REBEL ARMY. By an Impressed New Yorker. Published by A. S. Barnes & Sons, New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Part IV. Price 20 cents. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

FIRST BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. For the Use of Schools and Families. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D. Professor of Medicine in Yale College. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

AFTER DARK. A novel. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE YELLOW MASK; OR, THE GHOST IN THE BALL ROOM. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE MYSTERY. By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "The Earl's Heir," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for October. For sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. Edited by EDWARD L. SEARS, A. M. September, 1862. John McFarlan, agent, 33 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.

To BE REMEMBERED.—Reader, did you know that every column of a newspaper contains from ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal, the misplacing of any one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error? With this curious fact before you, don't you wonder at the general accuracy of newspapers? Knowing this to be the fact, you will be more disposed, we hope, to excuse than magnify errors of the press.

According to a statistical article in the *Scientific American*, the number of sewing machines annually manufactured in this country is seventy thousand. Twelve or fourteen establishments are engaged in the business.

A ploughman was hung at Warwick, England, recently, for shooting his fellow-servant in the back while bent over the wash-tub, according to his own confession, because she never would draw him enough beer! He also stated that before committing the crime he "tossed up" whether he should kill the girl or not, and the chance lighting of the instrument he tossed decided the poor girl's fate.

The St. Johnsbury, Vt., Caledonian doubts whether the records of the Asiatic cholera in our large cities will show a greater per cent. of mortality than has the diphtheria in that country. There was recorded, week before last, twelve deaths by this disease, eight of them in two families, and four in one family in the space of seventeen days!

A little fellow weeping pitifully, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment—the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he, renewing his snuff, and whining to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now?"

In a Scotch paper appears the following curious correction of a reporter's error: "Sir:—In your report of a meeting of the New Moulard Parochial Board in the Advertiser of Saturday last, you represent me to have said, 'We've all along had a very drunken set of officials.' *Although true, it's not what I said.* I said, 'We've all along had a very drunken set of paupers in our parish.' I am, sir, your obedient servant, Alex. Montgomery."

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits, if any man obtain that which he merits, Or any merit that which he obtains.

Hominy should steep in warm water all night, and boil all next day in an earthen jar, surrounded with water. Spices and peppers should be ground fine, and kept in cans in a dry place. A good nutmeg bleeds at the puncture of a pin.

A Woman Eludes the Police Detectives for Two Years.—Is Caught at Last.

The New York World of the 10th inst., has the following account of the arrest, in that city, of a woman whom the police have been watching for a long time:—

Ellen Wagner, alias McNair, McNabb, Davis, Burns, Smith, and a dozen other aliases, was arrested yesterday by Detective Farley, of this city, and Detective Frost, of Brooklyn. This is one of the most important arrests that have been made in a number of years.

The prisoner has been operating in this city and in other cities, including all the fashionable watering places, and several other states. Her method was to answer advertisements in papers where a domestic or housemaid of any kind was required for service. After securing the place, she would remain long enough to discover the locality of the silverware, jewels and other valuables, and would then, with the aid of accomplices, "clean the house out."

She usually boarded at the most fashionable boarding houses, dressing in elegant style, and acting the lady in all particulars.

She is not above twenty years of age, and is very highly accomplished, having, during the six years which she has devoted to crime, paid

particular attention to her education. She is an accomplished pianist, and converses readily upon all topics. When arrested at her boarding-house, in Bleeker street, the detective ascertained that she was in the habit of eating from her own dishes, they being silver, and that she used silver spoons, forks, napkin rings, baskets, &c., all of her own property. Here she passed as the wife of Lieutenant Davis, of the Union army. When an advertisement appeared which attracted her attention, she would leave her boarding-house, stating that she would be absent about a week or ten days. She would then don the garb of a domestic and make application for the place, which she usually succeeded in getting. Her appearance was prepossessing, and her manners engaging, so much so that she has often been made a companion in respectable and wealthy families. Having succeeded in robbing the house she would return to her boarding-house, and become Mrs. Lieutenant Davis in silks and jewels. About \$700 worth of the property was recovered.

THROUGH the contributions of the people in the response to the appeal heretofore made, the Medical Department at Washington has been supplied with immense quantities of lint and dressing, and therefore no more are at present required.

THE CITIES OF HOLLAND.

BY A SCOTTISH TOURIST.

There are some features common to all Dutch cities. One, of course, is the cleanliness and order everywhere visible. The streets, with their small red brick pavement, are scrubbed like an indoor floor; and the front of the houses are all subjected to a constant watering from syringes pumps, like those used by our gardeners. The vessels in the canals are equally clean. They are ranged, as if by a theodolite, in straight lines; and what is wanting in elegance or variety of form—for they are all the same in roundness of build, looking so like drawing lessons—is made up in perfect cleanliness. Every bit of brass is beautifully scoured and polished.

The sailors are constantly washing the cars or scrubbing the decks. At the stern may be seen small windows two feet square or so, with their white curtains tied up with ribbon, and probably a few small pots of flowers; and there live the whole family of the worthy master of the *Vrouw Catharina*. Most people

are annoyed by the cleanliness of the Dutch. Scotchmen are always so. They never, at least, praise it, but either express a mere sense of wonder at such a fuss being made about it, deplore the precious time wasted in securing it, or detract from the supposed virtue, giving "no thanks," because of the abundance of water close at hand; I heard a Scotchman say, when treading carefully over a scrubbed street, "Did any one ever see the like of this?" I do believe that the heaviest punishment which you could inflict upon these towns would be to shake off the dust from your shoes and leave it with them!" This was pure envy. We must admit that Scotland and Ireland contain the filthiest villages in the world. "But that is the climate." No; look at Holland. Pray, my dear countryman, do not excuse such habits; but whenever you can, lecture your village neighbors on the blessings of water and the beauty of soap, and tell them about the cleanly Dutch.

Now, we must take a peep into the land of the Dutch, or the Ditch, for either term is appropriate. The *Spreeberg*, or railroad, wheels you in a single day from Rotterdam, through Delft, Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, to Amsterdam. The grand characteristic of all these towns is "silence which may be heard." No doubt there are exceptions to this rule.

In the most silent town the sound of footsteps occasionally breaks upon the ear, and the whisper of human voices disturbs the air; while in some parts of the Hague, and in most parts of Amsterdam, there are decided noises and evident bustle, such as one hears seen in a quiet London street on Sunday morning; but, generally speaking, the repose is profound. A carriage startles you. When the tread of a horse is heard every head is turned to see what it imports. The question is constantly forced upon the mind, What are all the people about? How do they live? Where are the manufactories, the mines, the anything to produce food and clothing? But the echo answers "Where?"

The windmills wheel in the silent air as if their wings were oiled. The barges glide along the calm and sunny canals, and the people appear to be well fed and clothed.

The whole nation looks, in fact, like an old, respectable sea captain, who had made his money years ago by trading far away, and who now sits upon his chest of dollars, smoking his pipe and gazing with a stolid face of quiet satisfaction upon all the world, as if saying, "My money is made, and my day is over; I am contented; and please don't trouble me with anything new. It's all right!"

Methinks I hear some well-informed accurate statistic correcting me with a frown, and saying, "What! do you not know that the Dutch are the most industrious people in the world? Common sense, as well as more accurate information, might have told you that no nation could exist in such repose as you picture. Have you never seen their immense dykes, their drained lakes, their warehouses filled with the products of their flourishing colonies? Have you never heard of Java, Surinam, or Guiana? Have you never read that most charming book, Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic*?"

There is no necessity, astute friend, for any such catechism. My one reply is this, that I do not pretend to tell anything about the country except what meets the eye of a railway traveller.

The paradise of a Dutchman is Brock. This is a village of about 700 inhabitants, an hour's journey or so north of Amsterdam. Cross the ferry in a small steamer, proceed for half-an-hour along the great Helder canal in a *Trekschuit*—mode of conveyance, by the way, delightfully national in its order and peace—then hire a carriage, for which you must pay what is asked or want it, and proceed leisurely along the banks of the canal for three or four miles, until you reach Brock.

The people get from the road across the canal, which looks like the flat bottom of a boundless sea, drained or draining off; the cattle in the fields, the scattered villages with their steeples, and tall trees here and there, with storks studying in earnest meditation on the margin of long ditches, all assure you that, in the meantime, the land has got the best of it. Yet it is impossible not to have damp, uneasy feelings, lest by some unnoticed power of evil—an unpassed leakage, dry rot, in a sluice gate, or some mistake or other to which all things mundane are subject—a dyke should burst, and the whole Zuyder Zee pour itself like a deluge over the country, leaving you and your carriage out of sight of land.

Brock is well worth a peep. The only thing I had ever heard about it in history was the high state of its cleanliness, which had gone so far that the tails of the cows were suspended by cords lest they should be soiled by contact with the ground, and afterwards be used to switch the pure and dappled sides of their possessors at any moment when the said possessors were suddenly

thrown off their guard by the bite of some unmanly insect.

I can certify to the reality of this scandal arrangement. It seemed, however, to be more cleanly than comfortable. The most ordinary sympathy with suffering caused an irritation in one's skin, as he saw the tail suddenly checked by the string just when about to descend upon and sweep away a huge fly buzzarding about the back-bone or shoulder-blade.

A model village preserved in a glass case could not be more free from dust, life, or human interest than this Brock. A small lake with innumerable small canals so interlace the cottages and streets, that it looks as if built upon a series of islands connected by bridges. The streets are all paved to the water's edge with small bricks. Each tree is bricked round to the trunk. Bricks keep down earth, grass, and damp, and are so thoroughly scoured and spotless that it is impossible to walk without an uneasy feeling of leaving a stain from some adhering dust of mother earth. The inhabitants (if there are any) seem to have resigned the town to sight-seekers. I am quite serious when I assure the reader, that three travellers, at eleven o'clock in a fine summer forenoon, watched from a spot near the centre of the village, and did not for at least ten minutes see a living thing except a cat stealing slowly towards a bird, which seemed to share the general repose.

You ask, very naturally, What were the inhabitants about? I put the same question at the time in a half-whisper, but there was no one to answer.

All experienced, I think, a sort of awe from the unbroken quiet, so that the striking of the clock made us start. We visited the churchyard (naturally), and found everything arranged with the same regard to order. There are no graves; but rows of small black wooden pegs driven into the ground, rising six inches above the grass, with a number on each, a little larger than those used for marking flowers, indicate the place where the late burghers of this Sleepy Hollow indeed repose. I have never seen so prosaic and statistical a graveyard.

Contrast with this the unfenced spot in a Highland glen, its green grass mingling with the bracken and heather, and its well-marked mound, beside which the sheep and her lamb recline, except when roused by the weeping mourner! To live in Brock, and be known after death only as a number in its churchyard, would seem to be the perfection of order and the genius of contentment. To be mentioned by widow and children like an old account, a small sum, an item less from the total of the whole—as "our poor 40," or "our dear departed 14!"

What an "in memoriam!" The intensity of the prose becomes pleasing to the fancy. I am not sure how far it would be inadvisable to send a colony of Irish peasantry and pigs to improve Brock!

A tridling sort of a fellow in one of our neighboring counties, not long since, won the affections of the daughter of a bluff, honest Dutchman of some wealth. On asking the old man for her, he opened with a romantic speech about his being a "poor young man," &c. "Ya, ya," said the old man, "I know all about it; but you is little too poor—you has neither money nor character."

Lake Hallouis, in Algeria, covering 4,500 acres, has been drained, and the bottom, which is to be devoted to agriculture, is found to be covered by a deep and immensely-fertile deposit, similar to the Nile mud. Apprehensions were felt that the putrefaction of the vast numbers of fish, left to perish by the drainage of this sheet of water, would breed disease, but immense flocks of vultures swarmed upon the bottom as the water flowed off, and devoured them all.

Orderly Sergeant Henry P. Glenn, of Company A, Sixth Michigan regiment, after being severely wounded in the leg, refused to be carried from the field, telling those who desired to serve him, "You had better look after your fighting and attend to me afterward."

A rebel soldier, who had stolen some chickens that were preparing for the officers' dinner, was confronted with his commanding general to be punished for the crime, who happened to be none other than the famous "Stonewall" Jackson himself. Jackson, to make the effect more striking upon the rude soldier, seized him by the arm; but finding he did not flinch in the least, exclaimed, "I believe the devil has a hold of you." To which the rude soldier very coolly replied, "I believe he has, sir."

How holy is the sympathy of childhood for the sorrowing! The soft cheek laid mutely against your own; the tremulous velvet hand on the throbbing temples; the pitying eyes, from which the most quivering soul that ever trouble laid bare can never shrink away. No deceit there! no danger of misplaced trust, should those weeping eyes unseal your lips to groans of pent-up anguish.

Leaning on the bosom of "The Beloved" alone, could the repose of sorrow be more heavenly?

When the rebel army came North, they came jubilantly singing, "My Maryland! My Maryland!" but after a short interview with General McClellan, they changed the tune to—"Oh! carry me back to Old Virginia."

There is a man in Lorain County, Ohio, who, having been examined by the Drafting Surgeon for various diseases, and pronounced sound as to all of them, fell back upon the *morale* of the question, and declared a draft to be "immoral and unconstitutional, because it was a game of chance!"

A paroled soldier, who had been out on the banks of the James river, came back and reported to his captain that he had seen a splendid sword and brace of pistols lying upon the beach. "Why didn't you

THE THREE ROSES.

BY MISS A. J. DICKINSON.

I saw a light at the window pane
On a calm and starry night,
And I knew there were busy fingers there,
Making a robe so white.
And I knew that their hearts were light and gay
As they sewed the adornments fair,
And I knew they had carefully laid away
A beautiful wreath they had twined that day,
To tie on her pale brown hair;
And I knew they had folded a snowy veil
To close on her marble brow;
For the one that she loved by her side would stand
And utter the solemn vow.

I saw a light at the window pane
When the wind went sobbing by,
And cold and stony drifts of rain
Fell from the weeping sky.
And not a star from its home looked down
On the dwellings of men below;
And the pale moon shrank from the fearful sun,
And hid its face in the trailing gown
Of the clouds, in her grief and woe;
And I knew there were busy fingers there
Sewing a robe so white;
And a snowy wreath for her pale brown hair,
Bedewed with tears of those watchers fair,
They had twined by that midnight light.

Away, above, where the sweet-faced stars
Are singing creation's hymn,
There shineth a glory so pure and bright
That the light of the sun is dim.
There I see a conourse of angels fair
Preparing a robe so white,
Gounding a crown for the pale brown hair
Of a beautiful maiden awaiting there
To be crowned an angel bright.
Then I knew that one home in this world of ours
Had witnessed a sad farewell,
And I knew that the angels had welcomed her
In their beautiful home to dwell.

MY AUNT'S STORY.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

My Aunt Calista was one of the prettiest of all little fairy-like women. As a girl her beauty must have been something wonderfully distracting. She was once the belle of a famous and quaint old sea town, full of fortunes made in foreign trade, prize-money, and kinds of traffic thought honorable enough some years ago, but now held in such reprobation, that I prefer not to mention them.

My aunt was very little. When I was ten years old, I was the biggest. Well I might be, for a man could span her waist with his two hands, and she was more like a marvellous doll, or a stray fairy, than a mortal woman. Her feet and ankles were past all comprehension for littleness and elegance. Perhaps she did not wear nice shoes and stockings, and maybe she did not hold up her black brocade daintily on the slightest provocation! Ah! but her hands; how small, and white, and delicate, they were, with rose-tipped, tapering fingers. She looked all the more *petite* and wonderful in her delicate prettiness, for always dressing in black, which brought out her pale, lily-like beauty, and blonde hair with great distinctness. Her deep blue eyes seemed to look through things and people. All this made me a little in awe of Aunt Calista, though I loved her, with the romantic, reverential love of boyhood, as if she were a lovely princess, enchanted, or otherwise.

A childless widow, my Aunt Calista had lived with us since I could remember. She was older than my mother; but no one could have told her age from her looks, for her singular beauty seemed to have in it no element of decay. She lived inland among the hills, and all I knew of the ocean was from my books of geography, and the pictures and voyages in Aunt Calista's rooms, and Robinson Crusoe. But I dreamed much of the sea, built mimic ships, and waited with impatience until I should be old enough to run away like the aforesaid Robinson, who has, perhaps, done more to help Britannia to rule the waves, than all her Drakes and Nelsons.

I forgot—there was another source of information, better than all the rest. My Aunt Calista had been born in sight of the sea. She had seen the great ships sail in and out of the harbor of her native town. She had picked up beautiful shells and pebbles on the beach, and sometimes she helped me to sail my little squadrons on our duck-pond, and told me many a sea story she had heard or read.

"Aunt Calista," said I, one day, when we were sitting under the willows by the water-side, watching my last achievement in naval architecture, as it danced over the billows, the billows of the duck pond—"were you ever on the great blue sea, with only the sky and clouds above you, and the water all round, out of sight of land—nothing but the ship, in the middle of the sea?"

A shadow passed over her pale and lovely face, as she said, with a soft tenderness.

"Yes, dear, I have been at sea where the ship was the only human thing in sight, and the centre of the great circle of the horizon, where the blue sky and blue ocean mingle on every side."

"Oh, how grand!" I exclaimed, with my boyish enthusiasm. "Do, dearest aunt, tell me all about your voyage!"

She did not answer for a moment, and I wondered what could be the matter with my ever-cheerful Aunt Calista. But the sadness passed away, and she said:

"Yes, I will tell you all about it. Your grandfather was a merchant, and owned many ships. He sent them to the West Indies, the East Indies, and sometimes to China. I loved the sea and the ships. My father used to allow me to go on board with him, when they were about to sail, or had come in from long voyages. I sometimes took such little presents on board as sailors like, and they said I would give them a

lucky voyage. They did not forget me, and brought me many a nice present from beyond the seas."

"One day we visited a new ship, and found a new captain, whom I had never seen before. I thought him very handsome, but young for such a trust; but I found that he was good and honorable. He had been in the navy. A great misfortune to his family had made it necessary for him to leave the service, and accept the higher pay of a merchantman. After one or two voyages we became acquainted, and he came to love me better than all the world."

"But my father did not love him so well as another person did—at least he did not wish me to love him. It was only in the intervals of long voyages that I saw him, and when the time for his arrival drew near, and the ship, for me so richly freighted, was due, I spent many hours in the observatory on the top of our house, sweeping the line of the horizon with a long spy-glass, and watching for the little signal flag that I alone knew of, and that would tell me his was coming. So you see, my dear, that I was well acquainted with the sea."

"One day this brave, good captain, who had won my heart, said to my father for my body. He could have nothing against him. There could not be a better or braver man. He was nobility itself—but I was my father's pet and pride, and he was ambitious. I think nothing less than a lord would then have satisfied him for a son-in-law."

"Captain Walter came and told me, with some bitterness, the result of his interview with my father. I knew that he was poor, but I knew that this was the only reasonable objection that could be made to him, and I laid my hand in his—strong, manly hand—strong and true, and I said: 'Be patient: I am yours, and I will never be any one's but yours while this world stands.'

"He went away upon a long voyage, and a very important one, for my father liked him as a captain of his ship, and knew well that he could trust him to the last drop of his blood to protect ship and cargo.

"When he came home next time I had reflected much, and determined upon what I ought to do. I did not wait for him to come and see me. I did not wait for him to ask me to do anything. I knew that he could not while he was my father's captain. So I went to the ship and said: 'Captain Walter, will you leave this all to me, to do as I think right?'

"He only held me to his big heart a moment, but he looked a thousand yeses out of his handsome, loving eyes.

"The day his ship was to sail on her next voyage I sent my trunks on board the ship. Then I found my captain, and said: 'Come with me, and redeem your promise, and I will keep mine.' We went to a church, a license was ready, and we were married. The ship was ready to sail, and I knew that my father was on board to give his last directions, and see her off. I went on board with my husband, and my father was not surprised, for I had often sailed out with him, and returned in the pilot-boat.

"When the ship had got a good offing, and the pilot was ready to take us back, my father said his last words to the captain, and shook hands, wishing him a good voyage. 'Come, darling,' said he to me, 'say goodbye to Captain Walter, for we must go now.'

"Dear father," said I, "forgive your darling; I cannot go with you now. I must sail this voyage with MY HUSBAND, Captain Walter!"

"He looked from one to the other, to see if this were jest or earnest.

"Father, dear," said I, "you could never have found me so good a husband. So I took him this morning, and made him marry me, and here is the certificate that I am his wife."

"Poor father! He turned very pale, but he loved me, and there was no help. He held me in his arms and kissed me, while his tears ran over my cheeks. At last he held out his hand to my brave captain in token of forgiveness. He went home alone in the pilot-boat. I waved him my tearful adieu as long as I could see him, for he was ever a kind and indulgent father. We sped on our voyage.

"The shores of England faded from our sight, and we were on the open sea. We had fair winds and foul, still gales and gentle breezes, and I became a sailor. We crossed the line, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed on weeks and weeks through the Indian seas to Batavia, and then to Canton. You have read about it in Lord Anson and Captain Cook. When our cargo was completed, we sailed homeward again. It was a long and solitary voyage, but I was never lonely. My world was with me. I wished to see my father, but we were homeward bound."

"One day, as we were reaching our northern latitudes, my captain came hastily into the cabin to get his spy-glass, and I followed him on deck. There was a vessel in sight, bearing down directly for us. She had changed her course since we first saw her, and it was evident she meant to come near us.

"My captain took a long look at her.

"Well," said I, standing at his elbow, and taking the glass from his hand.

"You have good eyes, darling," said he, "see what you can make of her."

"I adjusted the glass to my eye, and looked intently.

"It is an armed vessel," said I. "I see ports, and a large gun amidships."

"You are quite correct—as usual," said my captain.

"But she does not look like a man-of-war," said I, "and I do not think she is English."

"No more is she," said he. "Either war has been declared, and she is a privateer, or she is a cursed pirate."

"My husband looked earnestly at him a moment, then grasped his hand, and said:

"Hardy! Frank Hardy! is it really you?"

"Yes, old fellow," said he, "it is really me, with a better memory than you have, who saved my life at the risk of your own. And this is your wife? I congratulate you—I congratulate you both with all my heart."

"Whatever she may be," said my captain, "she has no business with us. I shall give her a try at all events."

"So we tacked ship and stood off in the contrary direction from that in which we had been sailing. The stranger had tacked also before we were well on our course. In half an hour she had gained perceptibly."

"She can beat us on a wind," said my captain, looking very serious. "There is nothing for us but to show the cleanest pair of heels we can."

"Round we went to our best point of sailing; out went the studding sails, the cargo was shifted to give our ship the best possible trim; the sails were wet; but it was soon apparent that, after all we had done, the brig was gaining on us—slowly, indeed, but certainly gaining."

"A stern chase is a long chase, Calista, darling," said my captain, cheerily; but I could see that he was not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs.

"You know that I am not a coward," said I; "tell me just how it is."

"I know your soul is bigger than your body, my darling," said he. "This rascally brig gains on us. If we can have foul weather to-night, we may change our course and lose sight of her. I see no other hope. We are not strong enough to fight her."

"There are muskets and pistols in the cabin," said I, "and we have two cannons on deck."

"Captain Walter came and told me, with some bitterness, the result of his interview with my father. I knew that he was poor, but I knew that this was the only reasonable objection that could be made to him, and I laid my hand in his—strong, manly hand—strong and true, and I said: 'Be patient: I am yours, and I will never be any one's but yours while this world stands.'

"Our captain took his leave, with such stores as we could get him to accept. His boat's crew looked at them wondering as they were passed over the side to them, and even still more wondering at the manner in which their captain took his leave of us."

"In a week more we were safe in an English harbor and on English ground. The war lasted two or three years, and many prizes were taken on both sides, and some hard battles fought by land and sea, but I never heard that any ship ever escaped as we did."

"This was my dear little aunt's story as we sat under the willows. She said no more, but sat in a reverie, looking into vacancy—looking as if she saw a ship on the far horizon. I stole softly to her and kissed her little hand, and then glided noiselessly away, for I knew that she was thinking of her captain, and that the great, blue sea was now to her but as the grave of him she loved. But she was not sad long nor often, for she believed that the sea shall give up her dead."

"Madame, he took me off a wreck, where every man but me had perished. Thank God! I can show that I am not ungrateful. I shall appoint you prize master, and you shall take your ship, please God! into her own harbor."

"But can you do this safely, Frank?" asked my captain.

"Safe!" His lip curled. "I would like to see the danger I would not confront for you, old fellow. If I were a naval officer, it would be a different matter, but a privateer has some discretion. My pretty brig is my own. The war is an ugly business, but you know me of old—we are 'enemies in war, in peace friends,' all but you, old fellow—I am your friend, always, as you know."

"And how will your crew stand the loss of their share of prize money?" asked my captain.

"They are pretty likely to stand what I require them to," said the Yankee, proudly. "But I can make it all right for them. Prizes are not very scarce articles. Here, give me the papers! Who is your owner?"

"My father," said I.

"All right?" Madam, said he, bowing, "I wish to make you a small present."

"If you wish to do me a favor," said I, "make your present to my husband."

"He smiled, as he looked from one to the other, and seemed to understand the state of the case in an instant.

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HARVEST HYMN.

A nation heaves with throes of strife,
And men look on with wond'ring eyes,
Mourn the dread waste of human life,
Yet raise their angry battle cries.
While poets cheer the valiant strong
With chants of hope, or victory,
Be mine a pure thanksgiving song—
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!

The waving fields—the nation's stay;
How lovely, sooth, and serene,
Where the ripe sheaves, in long array,
Smile in the soft autumnal sheen;
And where no ruder sounds are heard
Than the blithe reaper's voice of glee,
Or fragrant breeze, or gladsome bird,
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!

Whoever fails, thou dost not fail;
Whoever sleeps, thou dost not sleep;
With fattening shower, and fostering gale,
Thy goodness brings the hour to rep.
Man marks each season, and its sign,
And sows the seed, and plants the tree;
But form, growth, fulness, all are thine—
Lord of the harvest, praise to Thee!

My soul, it is a joyful thing
To see the fruitful grain expand,
And the broad hands of Plenty fling
Her golden largess o'er the land;
To see the fruite swell and glow,
And bend with wealth the parent tree;
To see the purple vintage flow—
Lord of abundance, praise to Thee!

Praise for the glorious harvest days;
Praise for the blessing that we share;
For the unbounded sunlight praise,
And for the free and vital air;
Praise for the faith that looks above—
The hope of immortality;
For life, health, virtue, truth, and love,
Maker and Giver, praise to Thee!

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.
(C O N C L U D E D .)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN I LOVED,
AND THE WOMAN THAT LOVED ME."

CHAPTER VII.

"One day, after a silence of many months, I received a letter from my husband. Reports against me had reached him, and the long thirst of vengeance which, as a disappointed courtier, as a baffled man of the world, as a mortified husband, he had assumed against me, gave themselves utterance in an epistle which was a masterpiece of polite insult. The coarsest innuendos were veiled under the most polished irony. A letter which sent the hot blushing to my forehead, and the scorching tears of indignant shame to my eyes; I was literally maddened. The letter concluded, by informing me that henceforth we were strangers—that a small yearly sum was at my disposal—that Rupert Rabenfels, whose home I had shared for a twelvemonth, would probably provide me with one in future; that by himself and my brother, I was repudiated and disowned. I instantly wrote to my husband that I accepted entirely and without reserve the position he had made for me; that it was true that Rupert Rabenfels and I had been nearly a twelvemonth under the same roof, that which had sheltered me when cast off by him; that we had been hitherto, and I trusted would be always, friends; that besides the Chanoiness, he and his child were the only relatives I should henceforth acknowledge. I despatched the letter immediately. I did not hesitate one moment. With reckless impetuosity I flung myself on the sword with which I was maddened.

"I went out in the cool evening to a spot which was a favorite of Rupert's and mine. He was still absent, I believed. He had taken Ida with him on his last visit to Madame Serrano, and neither had returned as yet. As I walked down the sloping lawn, and kept under the shadow of the trees which skirted it on one side, I thought not of aught which had chilled my friendship for Rupert, but that the happiest moments of my later life had been spent with him and his child. I recalled the past months, during which I had not thought a thought, wished a wish, hoped a hope, which was not in some way connected with Ida, and my heart melted with yearning tenderness over both. I longed to hold Rupert's hand in mine, and tell him how much I valued these only treasures which fate had left me.

"I reached our favorite spot. It was a bank which hung steeply over a brawling stream. Seven cypresses stood together on the highest point, and beneath them a rustic bench had been placed on which I now sat down to rest. The view of the green fertile plains backed by the 'terrible purple' of the mountains was exquisitely beautiful. It was spring, and the grass at my feet was fragrant with violets and jonquils. The half-melancholy, half-enchanting mystery, with which all the nature struggles into life, was filling the air with unutterable sweetness. My excited feelings were softened into calm; I felt contented; for me, also, life was not all winter—there might be spring for me, too. Was not Ida a gift from God, to comfort and console me. A blossom to make vernal my hitherto frozen life?

"The Serranos tell me you go in a few days,' said a voice below. The cypresses sheltered me, and I saw Rupert, and a man who belonged to the same secret society as he did, and whom I had seen occasionally at the house, standing in the path just below me.

"Yes, I go in a week."

"Why do you sigh so deeply? Madame Serrano thinks you have wasted your time here quite long enough; as she does not know your occupations, she considers, naturally enough, that Madame Rabenfels has an undue share of your society. I know she has persuaded you to leave the Schloss, and stay the rest of the time with her. But how

will Madame Rabenfels receive this intelligence?"

"Rupert muttered an oath.

"Poor Madame Rabenfels, she will miss both you and your child," continued his friend.

"Pahaw! If Helene wishes it, it is enough. She makes it a point to retain Ida. How can I refuse her? No one has such a right to my devotion."

"Really you are unintelligible."

"In Heaven's name, are you mad?" said Rupert, "or do you wish to drive me so? What am I to Madame Rabenfels, or Madame Rabenfels to me? We are friends of course—I have a great many friends; but surely friends are left every day. The fact is, I should not have returned at all had not business obliged me."

"The Chanoiness is dying, then?"

"Yes, poor woman, I believe she is. The house is miserable in consequence; it is like a tomb. I shall be glad to get away. This sort of life suited me while I was disabled; but since, it has been the greatest bore; the first day I put my foot in the stirrup, about a week ago, I was resolved it should not last, and my aunt's illness has expedited my departure. I am sorry for poor Ida, though; for she will miss her home here and her aunt."

"Madame Rabenfels has been of very great use to her, to you,—indeed I may say, to all of us."

"Yes, she is a woman of great intelligence and powers of application. I soon discovered that, and made use of it accordingly. I came here to be near the Serranos. There had been a little coolness between us which I could only get over by seeing them constantly, though not at first under their own roof. My visit here has served two purposes. I have worked most diligently with Santa's help."

"And you and the Serranos are more intimate than ever. The affair has been well and cheaply managed, I must say. You may smile and shrug your shoulders, but it is the fact. Poor Madame Rabenfels!"

"Qui plus y perd, plus y gagne."

Rupert laughed as he uttered this quotation from an old French song.

"Is the rumor true, that instead of leaving her fortune to you, your aunt leaves it to Madame Rabenfels?"

"It is; she only bequeathes the Schloss to me."

"I am sorry."

"Nay, I care not for myself, and I am well pleased that she leaves it to one who like will serve our cause, and who has been a daughter to her."

"Beside which, your are sure to be her husband's heir; there is no chance of a reconciliation in that quarter; I have taken care of that, by informing him of this free-and-easy life at Schloss Stein. The interpretation which was placed upon it by all who witnessed it, he is informed of through me, and I am quite sure that his large fortune will help our cause. He will never see her again, and at his death it will be yours."

Rupert sighed. Did he, remorseless as he was, feel a little conscience-stricken at this cold-blooded villainy? It matters little; he listened to these infamous words, and acted as if they expressed his own sentiments.

"To say the truth," went on his friend, "Madame Rabenfels is a woman I dislike. She is antagonistic to me in every way. Some persons praise her simplicity and intelligence. I could never discover anything in her but a certain hardness and force of character and will, which I supremely dislike in a woman."

"None: but see, the dew is falling; let us go home."

"Stop, let me light my cigar."

I sank slowly down on the grass: how long I remained I know not: the stars were high and bright in the sky when I was conscious again. I staggered as I rose, and was as weak as if, after a twelvemonth's illness, I had risen from my bed. We hear of broken hearts, but that is a fable. My heart was wounded to the core. The wound is as fresh now as it was then—but it is not broken. The event of Rupert's departure was in itself nothing, but the few careless words with which he threw away a friendship which should have been life long gave me the measure of his indifference, and gave me an insight into his character. To part me from Ida, and Ida from me, was as cruel as it was unnecessary. It was not, however, cruelty, it was simply the thoughtlessness of utter selfishness. Though my intelligence had always seen the faults in Rupert's self, my heart had refused to acknowledge or realize them in Ida's father. We are told we should trace in the lineaments of the present sinner the future seraph—those lineaments which exist in all, however faintly the outline may be preserved. I had certainly done this with Ida. I might compare the operation of my love for Ida on my estimate of Rupert's character to the effect of a stereoscope on a photograph—of itself, a cold flat portrait, but when we look through the glasses we see the same picture rounded into living beauty. It is a deception, we know, but through these glasses we can never see it otherwise.

"How shall I describe what I felt? I was alone. The life which had been so rich a few months back, and which might have been so still, for nothing need have been

altered, even though Rupert's absence was necessary, was now an entire waste. The whole was an illusion. I had no longer a brother, a child. In truth I had never possessed them. Had this been a love disappointment, pride would have risen to my aid. I should have tramped it under my feet, and have stood strong, even on the ashes of my soul. But if the babe a mother has been nursing on her breast were suddenly to change into a serpent and to sting her, would not a mother's cry be heard? Where would be the pride then? I had so little that I was anxious to find myself in fault. I scrutinized myself severely, and found, of course, that I had not been perfect, but my faults had been like grains of sand in the great sea of love with which I had surrounded Rupert and his child. How diligently I sought to blame myself seems quite foolish now. Had he and I stood for one moment, in an equality of position, I could have borne up bravely; but I, I stood where I had been before, and where I should always be, for he had never loved me, and I had lost nothing; it was he, who had cast away an affection for him and his, which I had a mournful conviction he had not and could never inspire again. It required circumstances, as peculiar as those in which we were placed, to call it into being. If you stood with one you loved beside a precipice, firm and steadfast yourself, but he held only by your hand, what would be your feelings if in sheer wantonness he threw your hand aside and sank down before your eyes? I knew that Madame Serrano, with all her gentle blandishments, with all her delicate attractions, was not capable if able, or able to hold him up for a moment—she might fall with him, or separating herself from him, give impetus to his fall: she could do no more. To Ida she was entirely indifferent. She had children of her own: she had not that yearning towards a child which I, the childless and worse than widowed, had so long suffered from, and had so gladly satisfied, by holding Ida to my heart. For himself, also (though in a far less anxious manner), when I reflected on his future life and the many arid scenes of toil before him, linked as he was to a great but perhaps hopeless cause, I trembled, but what availed my help now. Yet I had given it, unselfishly, honestly, faithfully; many a week in which Rupert had regained the light-heartedness of his earlier youth, cheerfulness unusual to him, a buoyancy of heart and mind he might never again experience, attested this.

With this fatal love at his heart, even if free, how could he hope to find in another marriage, the happiness that his first had deprived him of. He had no heart with which to win a bride, and yet the parental affection which was his, as the sun shone on him without his yes or his nay, he closed his eyes to it, and shut out from himself and from his child.

I had a sufficient knowledge of the human heart to perceive that nothing is so odious to a man who loves one woman, than the fulsome love of another who would be a rival to her; but there was no challenge or emulation here, the territories of friendship and love are so wide apart. Love is not robbed because friendship is enriched. Men do not forsake the ties of blood because they love, and my love had all the spontaneousness, but none of the exigencies, or a blood relationship.

"Love should still be lord of all."

I did not feel aggrieved at any preference of love over friendship. In my younger, happier days, I too had dreamed of love; a love which like light in a lamp, would give flame to my whole being, which should glorify me into beauty, exalt me into genius, sanctify me into goodness; but I had long known that this consummation of happiness was not to be mine in this life, and I could fancy I understood why. I had a latent capacity for happiness, which, had it received its full satisfaction, would have made me feel immortal; if I had tasted of that fruit, I should have dreamed I could not know death! My affection for Rupert had none of the elements of love in it; there was no appropriation in it; I never sought his sympathy; I was content to give him all mine; I knew his life through and as to me, he knew and sought to know as little of my past, as if I had been born the day he arrived, and cared as little for my future as if I were to die the day he left.

"As soon as I reached the house I went to Ida's room. I threw myself on my child's bed, and buried my face in her little pillow. Indignation, resentment, disappointment, despair at the separation from Ida, compassion for myself, were all sunk into a stupified sense of misery, added to by a feeling of my own utter helplessness and the overwhelming cruelty of my other sorrows. My husband's bitter words returned to me. There seemed to be, in truth, a league against me of the powers of darkness; but the only distinct idea I could frame, the only articulate sound I could murmur, was 'Ida, Ida.' What was the use now of will, knowledge, and courage; I covered my face with my hands and prayed for patience, submission, faith. Suddenly a thought struck me. I rose from the bed; I went into the drawing-room. By the open window stood Rupert, alone. The moonlight fell on his face. He looked pale. I went up to him.

"Leave me the child, Rupert," I said gently.

"Had I broken in upon a love dream, that started back with an expression of such astonishment, almost of fear?

"Impossible!" he said, and left the room, but before he did so, my heart spoke out to him. He was stung to the soul, and never forgot it.

"How shall I describe what I felt? I was alone. The life which had been so rich a few months back, and which might have been so still, for nothing need have been

awful his aunt's death; he was alienated and relentless to the last. A great flood had flowed between us; on my side, of the deepest sorrow; on his, of insurmountable aversion. I believe, firmly, that the very sight of my pale face, the silence and gloom which covered us both, as with a pall were odious to him. There is something, I suppose, exacerbating and irritating in the sight of the grief which is caused by one's self; yet how could I help it. I was hurt, and I bled; I had been struck, and I was bruised; I was beaten, and the gash was visible. The bitterness lay, perhaps, chiefly in the feeling that the whole had been a counterfeit. My weakness, as well as my qualities had been studied and made use of. The use was over, and I was cast aside without remorse. It was not an enemy who had done this, but my own familiar friend. No promise had been broken, no love betrayed, but the staff on which I leaned had shivered in my grasp. The tower I had built on the desert waste of my life, had as little foundation as a child's pack of cards. A breath had blown it down. Men and women do not play equally at this game of friendship. The initiative is never in our power. The veto is rarely left to us.

"He left with a few conventional words of ordinary good will, and so we parted. At first I suffered intensely, for I was bereaved indeed; but slowly the light dawned upon my soul that I had deserved all this; the fault was mine—a thousand times mine. I had been mistaken, Quixotic, benighted. I bowed my head in acceptance of sorrow.

"A few weeks afterwards the Chanoiness died. She bequeathed the whole of her large property to me, with the exception of the Schloss, which she left to Rupert. As there was a probability of his return, I made my preparations and left Schloss Stein.

CHAPTER VIII.

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"An impulse led me to Paris. In Paris there is so much to cure one of morbid self-contemplation. To make the best of my fate—to endure it in its length and breadth of privation—was my study. No resentment lived in my heart but regret, self-reproach, and self-condemnation. Towards Rupert my feelings were as little personally hostile as the patient's towards the instrument, by which he suffers amputation. To him it had been given to act the Nemesis towards me, but the faults that deserved Nemesis were mine, not his.

"My life was spent in writing, reading, serving the cause to which I had bound myself. Of Rupert I never heard; our lives had dropped entirely apart. I had written several times to my husband; my letters were unanswered. My position, like all exceptional ones, invited calumny. Much could be written on the injustice of society in this respect; but until the whole education of women is reformed, so that their tastes, principles and habits are modified, I cannot wonder at the suspicion with which they are looked upon when they assert their independence. When we think on what principles they are guided in the selection of a husband, it is surprising that, alienated from him, they are supposed incapable of standing alone? There is more justice even in this world than we suspect. A true life always obtains the victory in the end.

"One day as I was returning to Paris after a fête champêtre, and driving through a part of the city I had never passed before, there was a crowd assembled, and the carriage was stopped. I sent my servant to inquire the cause. A cart had driven by; the horse had become unmanageable, and in its furious plungings and rearings had knocked down a man who was passing. I told my servant to offer his assistance. He obeyed, and the next minute my own horses, impatient at the restraint, became suddenly ungovernable, and kicked in the most frightful manner. A charitable bystander opened the door of the carriage and assisted me out. I told my coachman to turn back, and find some by-street which would bring him to a neighboring point where I could meet him, and I then tried to find my servant. This brought me into the midst of the crowd; and there, supported by two men, his eyes closed, and his cheeks white as ashes, I saw Rupert Rabenfels! The circle had been run—we met again. I went up to the men who supported him, and asked them where they intended taking him. They shrugged their shoulders.

"I am glad you have come," he said; "there are some things I wish to do, and no one but you can help me. But the pain I endure obliges me to take opium. I am by day utterly unfit for everything; about the evening I revive. There is another reason. Our companions come to me separately for a few minutes daily at the end of the day; I have to draw up a report of their progress and labor. These are secrets which I can trust to no one but you; do not be afraid of the hour, which you must make as late as possible. At certain distances you will be watched over by two of our associates, who, in different lodgings and in various streets, live in this vicinity. I would offer you an escort, but this might be of more disadvantage than benefit; and besides, it might be safest for your reputation—with a smear—to have a defender in the worst streets, in case of necessity, instead of one and the same companion through the whole length of Paris."

"I am glad to serve you and yours," I answered simply.

"I went every night. He maintained a distant aggrieved manner towards me. Once or twice I spoke to Ida. I besought him to let me have her.

"To be taught to hate her father! No! Remember you told me you despised me."

"I threw myself on my knees—I entreated, I implored him. To have snatched away that child from the fate which would be hers, a poor orphan in this hard world, gave a frantic energy to my prayers. He would not hear me, and turned so pale that I feared the discussion would kill him.

"I sent for a surgeon, dismissed the men, and was left alone. After awhile I looked round the room for some trace of Ida. There was none. Rupert was evidently alone. He must have been sent on some mission by that secret society to which he belonged, and which was as imperious as the Order of Jesus in its demands. It must have required the strictest incognito, and there was nothing in this poor room, with the evidences of daily labor in it, that could excite suspicion. At last the doctor came. He feared congestion of the brain from the fall and the blow; but was, on the whole, hopeful. For three days and three nights Rupert was delirious—strangely enough his child's name never came to his lips, but very often in thick, gasping accents of Madame Serrano.

"At last he opened his eyes, and out of their dim and sunken pupils came a look of recognition.

"Santa," he said. There was no hesitation—a little distrust, but no surprise. It seemed natural for him to find me there.

"Are you better?"

"Thanks! But what is it? How is all this? You are very good," he said, and I saw a blush rise to his temples.

"Where is Ida?" I asked.

"Ida, she is safe."

"And then the past seemed to rush back upon him.

"From the day I found him, I had been cold and calm. It was a fellow-creature requiring assistance, and I rendered it as impulsively as a Sister of Charity. He was silent, but his countenance assumed a great expression of pain.

IN AND AROUND WASHINGTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SOLUS.THE CHAIN BRIDGE—THE "LITTLE FALLS"—
—AN ADVENTURE.

The utmost vigor is still enforced by the military authorities here, with regard to crossing into Virginia from Washington. Without a pass it is impossible; and, unless some urgent reason is given, a pass cannot be obtained. The bridges are all closely guarded. A rebel rat, much less a man, could not go backwards or forwards without being stopped by the soldiers on duty. A continuous line of camps and forts also lie on both sides of the river.

Besides the "Long Bridge," and the "Aqueduct Bridge," at Georgetown, three miles further up the river is the "Chain Bridge." This last is not really a chain bridge, as its name would indicate. There was originally such a bridge at this crossing, but it was washed away—and its successor retained the old name. The Chesapeake and Ohio canal runs along the side of the river above Georgetown, and the Potomac diminishes in width to a size no wider than the Schuylkill at Philadelphia. The scenery is wild and hilly.

At the "Chain Bridge" the water rushes through a narrow pass of rocks, causing what is called the "Little Falls." The light, graceful, splendid bridge, is, however, of great length, and crosses over river, canal, and a long intervening extent of rock, ground, and marsh that lies between.

Tempted by a desire to see these "Falls," I lately walked the three miles from Georgetown, and arrived at the bridge. The canal is here a full quarter of a mile from the river, and from its outer bank I could not even see the Potomac at all; for, hissing like a snake low in the grass, it swept on through the narrow defile of rocks, and was concealed by the bushes on its side.

I climbed a high hill, but could not even then obtain the view I wished. I afterwards raised myself up on the trunk of a tree, about the height of a table, that had been left standing with other trunks on the top of the hill—which had been partially cleared for the purpose of commanding the surrounding country by means of artillery—and looked out from this high position eagerly, with all my eyes, for the "Falls." The silver thread of the river was so slender and hidden, that I was again disappointed; and I reluctantly concluded to give the matter up. I then made use of my recent smooth standing place, the tree's trunk, to write upon—for I had innocently, at odd intervals, been in the habit of writing as the mood took me "about the things I saw in Washington." This paper, when finished, it was my virtuous intention to beguile some verdant newspaper editor, if possible, into publishing. The view around was glorious, and sights and sounds all inspiring. I took out my pencil and paper. Little did I think that eye-glasses were bearing full upon me and my harmless occupation.

After being thus employed for some time, and vastly enjoying the view, I slowly descended the hill, having made up my mind to foot it back to Georgetown, and acknowledge a defeat in attaining the object of my walk.

The hill I had climbed was a short distance above the bridge. When I again got opposite it, the desire to see the "Falls" revived so strongly that I resolved to make one more last attempt, and, walking up to the guard, asked permission:

"Only to go on the bridge for a little while. I didn't want to go over. I only wanted to see the view from there."

The corporal in charge told me it was "against orders," and put his gun in a horizontal position as if to stop my advance. A gun, I humbly confess, always did frighten me. No matter if presented sideways, butt, or muzzle, I wished I hadn't asked, and that I was miles away.

I tried, however, to look braver than I felt, and told him—"A guard might go with me. I had walked a long distance from Georgetown to see the 'Falls,' and now I couldn't get new men—couldn't see them at all."

An incredulous smile played on his sinister, surly face. "Georgetown Jen't be that 'ere a 'way,'" and he significantly pointed in the direction of the hill I had just descended, while the bayonet of his gun approached so near my person that I made a jump instinctively to one side.

"I know it doesn't," I said in reply. "I only went up there to see—"

"You only did, to see—hey?" he quickly interrupted my speech by saying, and said it in a jeering, insolent tone. He smiled, too, with a malicious cunning that I thought devilish.

Another soldier waited on the bridge railing, with physiognomy as unpleasing as the corporal's, had been listening to the conversation. He now broke out with a tremulous oath, and said:

"These fellows that always want to see are not to be trusted." He then shouted in a loud voice for the "Lieutenant," who hurriedly came out of a tent, with his sword on, looking as if he thought the rebels had really come, and as if he expected, too, to capture old "Stonewall" himself. I felt as if I were in the hands of the Philistines. He asked:

"What's the cursed row?"

I meekly told him the request I had made of the guard, and urged a compliance with it. I have no doubt my manner was somewhat excited, and that I looked strangely. When accused of anything, or even if I think I am suspected, I always do look guilty. I remember once, when first out as an apprentice in the world, at my master's some spoons were stolen, and, though innocent as a new-fledged dove, until the thief was discovered I didn't like to hear anything said about the lost spoons. When they were mentioned I always blushed scarlet.

The officer told me it would be impossible for him "to permit me to go on the bridge." His manner was as decided as his words. He eyed me also, I thought, with a lurking suspicion that all was not right; and as I turned to leave the bridge my heart went "pits-pat" considerably faster than it usually does.

Just then a horse and rider came galloping down the hill from the Virginia side, and noisily clattered over the bridge. The horseman asked for "the Lieutenant in command," and handed him a slip of paper.

This I rather gathered than saw, for my back was turned, and I was some pace off on my "skedaddling" way from whence I came, and that at a rate approaching "double quick."

The first thing I knew there was a loud cry, from several voices, of "stop!" "halloo!" "stop!" and two guns passed over my shoulders, just brushing me, and then diagonally crossing towards each other formed a point in front, beyond which I could not advance. Heavens! I was a caught prisoner.

I was brought back to where the lieutenant stood, who looked at me now with undisguised suspicion in his gaze. The corporal and his noisy friend did not, either of them, attempt to conceal in the least the malice they felt. The soldier who brought the slip of paper sat on his horse near the lieutenant, wiping the perspiration off his face, I plainly heard him say, in what he meant for a whisper:

"That's the man. I saw him through the captain's glass. Half-a-dozen officers were looking at him."

All the soldiers, some twelve I should think, gathered around, completely enclosing me in an anaconda fold.

"This matter, my sir, is more serious than I expected," were the words with which in a stern and rather insolent voice the lieutenant addressed me.

I waited, without speaking, for him to say something more. My neck tie grew uncomfortably tight. Thought meanwhile took a rapid and wide range. I had a kind of vision of a "drum-head" court martial. Unconsciously I directed my eyes to the tall trees near, and wondered if it could be I should dangle from one of them, an innocent Major Andre? But no! that villainous-looking corporal with a half-dog, half-wolfish mouth, and black, tobacco-stained teeth, and the chum friend with same sort of mouth and teeth, they would certainly prefer shooting, or would rather bayonet me! The idea was a kind of relief.

And then when my sad end would be known by my friends, I thought of Mrs. Solus, and the seven young Soluses formed in a tableau group, after the "John Rodgers at the Stake" fashion, with an additional prominent figure in the background—my precious mother-in-law, the scales fallen from her vision, that had obscured her perception of my many good qualities, weeping, too, with a white handkerchief at her eyes, that looked like a flag of truce. Thoughts passed through me about all things past, present, and future—serious and comic. It seemed an age, and I knew it was scarcely a minute. The whole danger I was in—the various points of evidence on which the case rested—all flashed, like lightning, through my brain.

I remained firm in my determination to wait until the officer should again speak. At last he said insolently,

"Why don't you say something, sir?"

I felt indignant, and I have no doubt looked so, as well as scared, as I answered:

"I have nothing to say. You have arrested me without cause, and have brought no charge against me."

He was taken a little a-back. I saw it by the irresolute manner the slip of paper was now held in his hand, though he tried to give his face a fierce expression than ever.

"We believe you are a white-livered, mealy-mouthed, rank secessionist and spy!" violently interposed number two of the dog and wolf mouth, and the creature showed his discolored fangs so plainly, that I almost fancied he was going to turn into a wild beast, as did once the pretended grandmother of Little Red Riding Hood, in the bright country of early childhood.

The corporal now broke in, too, determined not to be outside, hissing his words out in snake-like accents:

"Yes, you *darned*, infernal cuss! I knew you was a spy the moment I laid my eyes on you and your owl specks."

The fellow spit tobacco juice out of his mouth like a lemonade fountain in his utter detestation of me, as he enunciated this speech, and for a considerable time afterwards. I have no doubt he thought he was giving in this way an emphatic vent to his patriotism. The other soldiers looked on with an expression on their faces as fierce as hate and passion could write there. I was among the wolves.

The corporal didn't exactly say "darned." He made use of a stronger word, of such awful meaning, when literally taken, that I can never bring myself to speak or write it. This habit is the effect of having read when a boy "The Swearer's Prayer," an issue of the American Tract Society, printed on one side of a leaf, and once extensively scattered over the land. I wish that every boy in the army had read it when young.

The great Bull Eye of hope that had just begun to open its lids upon me when I saw the uncertain way the lieutenant's hand held on to the slip of paper did not again shut. He was the controlling power, and I felt some how I could work him. I thought to do as little talking myself as possible would be wise, knowing that if you wish to have effect over angry men, the best plan is to let first the high-pressure steam blow off. I held my tongue.

"This slip of paper," said the lieutenant, "is an order from my colonel on the other side of the river, to keep a look-out over you, and if necessary make an arrest. You were seen by means of field glasses taking a sketch of our forts and camps on yonder hill. It

looks black, sir—it does. Darn me, if it doesn't!" and he warmed considerably.

He didn't say "darned," either. The Swearer's Prayer was a neglected part of his education also.

"Yes, the rascal ought to be hung!" rose like an infernal chorus from all the soldiers, the corporal being chief chorister. Not one of them but would have volunteered, indeed would have coveted, the office of executioner.

Now, I never did draw anything. I never could. I knew what I had written on the paper, and felt assured at this stage the affair would end with nothing more disagreeable than my being strictly searched. The Bull's Eye opened wider.

"I have not the slightest objection to your seeing the paper on which I wrote some sentences when up on top of the hill. It is no sketch of forts, however." Saying this, I took out of my hat the paper, and handed it to the lieutenant.

"This is the paragraph I last wrote," I continued. "You see it is in pencil, the rest in ink." I pointed the place out with my finger. I watched him as he read it, as did all of the ferocious looking company by which I was surrounded.

His face had an angry look on it when he took the paper out of my hand. That was succeeded by a puzzled look; then a smile gradually broke over it, and he turned the sheet over and said to me, with a slight nod,

"With your permission, sir."

The guard looked puzzled now, but their stern bearing towards me did not change. At last, after reading it all through, he said:

"Boys, we have made a mistake. This man is no spy or secessionist either. I think he writes for the newspapers—"

The corporal's chum here interrupted—

"I know he's something bad. A newspaper writer's as bad or worse than a rebel—"

The fellow I believe actually thirsted for

my blood. I moved involuntarily further from him.

"Silence, sir! Do not interrupt me when I am speaking," and the officer turned fiercely on him. He then in a milder tone of voice said, looking at the soldiers, "Boys, I will read you what was written by him on the hill." He read now from the paper, "It does the heart good to see 'the old flag' wave from so many flag staffs. On the hills around where I am now writing the white tents of soldiers are pitched, looking like dottings of hope in a green landscape. I hear patriotic songs sung by soldiers on guard—see the glitter of their bayonets flash in the sunshine as they pass in the drill—the tap of the drum comes from over the other side of the river—*and*, rolling down through hills further off along the channel's course, I hear 'Yankee Doodle' played by drum and fife. We have still a glorious army, brave-hearted, and now full of hope, because their beloved chieftain, General George B. McClellan, is to lead them on again."

There seemed a magic influence in the name of McClellan. "Three cheers for McClellan!" shouted out one of the "boys," which were given with a hearty good will; and then "three times three" over again. The letter reading was completely interrupted, and the officer joined as lustily as the men in the huzzas. The tide had changed. The Bull's Eye was as big and bright as a crackling fire, which roared up the chimney.

As he had not saluted me when he entered, as is usual in that section of the country, I took no further notice of him; for I presumed his want of success in hunting had put him in an ill-humor, and it was not improbable that if he discovered my gaze fixed pertinaciously upon him he might be disposed to fasten a quarrel upon me. I therefore directed my attention exclusively to the meal before me, but the knife and fork almost fell from my hands as his stentorian voice struck upon my ear; and, in spite of myself, a slight tremor stole through me as I heard the awful tone in which he spoke the last word.

"Landlord, give me some liquor—I have money!"

The landlord glanced at his guest, and hesitated for a moment, but the stranger raised his eyes; the effect was magical; in an instant a well-filled whiskey bottle and a tumbler were placed beside him.

"Landlord, hang that on the rifle; but stop, give me the knife first."

And he handed the waistbelt, pistol and scabbard to the host, whilst he thrust the knife in the bosom of his hunting shirt. As the innkeeper was obeying the bidding of his strange visitor, the latter poured the tumbler full of whiskey, and tossed it off at a draught.

"Landlord," he said again, "I want something to eat—I've money for that, too."

There was a deep tone in his voice as he uttered these words, that disturbed me strangely.

An additional plate was placed on the table, and the stranger seated himself opposite to me. He had a fine face—a careless independence in it which I liked; but the courteous manner in which he said: "I hope I ain't one too many here, stranger," excited my surprise. I assured him that his company was agreeable to me rather than otherwise, as I disliked eating alone.

"Enough said," answered he, "there's my fist," and we shook hands across the table.

His appetite was in proportion to his bulk, and we scarcely spoke again until after supper, when he commenced a conversation, from which I discovered him to be a man of unusual natural ability, although rough and uncultivated.

During our dialogue, I evidently made a favorable impression upon him, and, in return for my courtesy, he recounted many deer, wolf, and bear hunts, with such power that I was delighted. The conversation, however, after a time flagged, and I fell into a train of musing on the business which had led me to that part of the country. A gloom gradually settled over the face of my companion, from which, when I observed it, I endeavored in vain to rouse him. He answered me courteously, to be sure, but very abruptly; and every now and then he had recourse to the bottle until it was emptied.

"Landlord, fetch me more liquor," he called out authoritatively; and he drank more, till finally he fell from his stool; and, as I retired to bed in an adjoining room, I heard his snoring ring through the inn.

Being much fatigued, having travelled forty miles on horseback during the day, I slept until I felt a hand grasping my arm—opening my eyes, I saw the sun shining through the window, and my companion of the previous evening standing beside me.

"Stranger," said he, "excuse me, but I saw last night that you was a whole-souled fellow, and I want you to go with me."

"Where to?" I asked.

"The justice's," he replied.

"What for?"

"I've got something on my mind—it must out—I tried liquor last night, but couldn't keep it down. I ain't a drinking man, no how, and I feel like a dog. Come along with me, and be my friend."

There was a bold frankness in his manner that I could not withstand. I accordingly rose and dressed myself, and we walked, together, to the house of the justice, who lived about half-a-mile from the hotel. He sent down word to us that he would be up in a couple of hours.

"But tell him," said my acquaintance, to the servant, "I want to see him on a matter of life or death."

"Da's no use o' dat," grinned the slave, "massa don't care 'bout life and death till he get him sleep out."

We left the house, but John Rolfe, as my companion called himself, made no further allusion to the nature of his business than to say, in answer to my inquiries, "When we see the judge you'll know all."

The time came, and we were admitted into the presence of the dispenser of justice, who was a gentleman of wealth and education, round in person, and apparently on excellent terms with himself and the world.

"Well," said the judge, "what's the matter?"

"Why, you see," replied Rolfe, "three days ago I came down the river to Madison to sell my furs and skins. I made a pretty good trade, but that very night I lost my whole pile at poker. I was dead broke, and hadn't a confounded cent left. Well, the next morning, early, I started for this place, and, as I wouldn't chisel, I went without eating the whole day. I slept in the woods, and yesterday morning I got up as hungry as a painter, and as I walked along thinks I, what am I to do? I never see game so scarce; there warn't so much as a squirrel to be found. I'm above cheating any man out of a dinner, but I felt that a dinner I must have. Just then a fellow comes riding along the road. I talked to him, and tried to borrow, swearing to pay, at any place he might name, in a week; but the critter told me he paid his way out of his own pocket, and he'd too little to divide.

"How much have you got?" says I.

"Two-fifty," says he.

"Now," thinks I, "that is too little to divide."

So while he was looking another way, I shoot him through the head, and gin him as decent burial as I could under an old log, and took the two dollars and a half. But it won't do; my conscience misgives me. I'm sorry for it, and wish the feller had his money back if he could only be alive. But, between you and I, as it's too late for that, I think I ought to be hung."

The judge called his black boy, ordered three pipes and tobacco, and we smoked in silence.

"Then you really think you ought to be hung," he said, with some compassion, as he puffed a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

"I do, in fact," answered Rolfe, emitting a similar volume of vapor.

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GEN. McCLELLAN'S ORDER.
THE SUBORDINATION OF THE MILITARY TO THE CIVIL POWER, THE FUNDAMENTAL RULE OF THE REPUBLIC.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Camp near Sharpsburg, Md., Oct. 7, 1862.
GENERAL ORDERS NO. 163.—The attention of the officers and soldiers of the army of the Potomac is called to General Order No. 139, War Department, Sept. 24, 1862, publishing to the army the President's proclamation of Sept. 22. A proclamation of such grave moment to the nation, officially communicated to the army, affords to the General Commanding an opportunity of defining specifically to the officers and soldiers under his command the relation borne by all persons in the military service of the United States toward the civil authorities of the Government.

The Constitution confides to the civil authorities, legislative, judicial and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding, and executing the Federal laws. Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects. This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier.

The principle upon which, and the objects for which, armies shall be employed in suppressing the rebellion must be determined and decided by the civil authorities; and the Chief Executive, who is charged with the administration of national affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the Government can be made known to the armies of the nation. Discussion by officers and soldiers concerning public measures determined upon and declared by the Government when carried out at all beyond the ordinary temperate and respectful expression of opinion, tend greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of the troops, by substituting the spirit of political faction for that firm, steady, and earnest support of the authority of the Government, which is the highest duty of the American soldier. The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls.

In thus calling the attention of this army to the true relation between the soldier and the Government, the General Commanding merely advertises an evil against which it has been thought advisable during our whole history to guard the armies of the Republic; and in so doing he will not be considered by any right-minded person as casting any reflection upon loyalty and good conduct, which have been so fully illustrated upon so many battle-fields. In carrying out all measures of public policy, this army will, of course, be guided by the same rules of mercy and Christianity that have ever controlled its conduct toward the defenceless. By command of Major-Gen. McCLELLAN,
Jas. A. Hardie, Lieut.-Col., Adj.-de-Camp,
and A. A. A. G.

THE SCHEME FOR COLONIZING THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Hon. Eli Thayer's scheme for the colonization, by armed men, of the Southern states, meets with much favor from the President, Secretary of War, and the other secretaries, has been discussed several times in the Cabinet meetings, and will probably soon receive formal official sanction. The project contemplates an expedition by 10,000 colonists, enlisted for six months, and supplied with transportation, subsistence, arms, and a general, by the government, whose business it shall be to "hold, occupy, and possess the public lands of Florida, and other lands belonging to rebels, and seized under the law of the last session of Congress for the non-payment of the direct tax." Mr. Thayer promises, if allowed to carry out his plan in its entirety, to bring Florida into the Union as a free state by the 1st of February next. Texas and Virginia are already talked of as states to be subjected to the same process. This, like the proclamation of this morning, will be another step in the path of a more vigorous policy which the Administration in its proclamation of freedom advertised that it should henceforth pursue. —*Wash. Correspondent.*

I am informed by a gentleman high in the confidence of the Administration, that the President has had in contemplation for some time, and will shortly issue another highly important proclamation. It may therefore be expected at any moment. It will proclaim the state of Florida, at once to be under the jurisdiction of the Federal government, inviting, at the same time, all free laborers from the North and West, white and black, to settle in said state, for the purpose of cultivating cotton. The President will guarantee them ample protection by both the army and navy. The state Constitution is to be set aside for the present, and the state reduced to a territorial condition, and governed exceedingly. It is said that this is only initiating a policy which is to be largely adopted hereafter, if it should prove successful.

The President hopes by this means to make ample provision for the cultivation of cotton, not only for our domestic wants, but to supply foreign governments, thereby obviating the necessity for intervention. —*Wash. Correspondent.*

PHILADELPHIA OYSTER TRADE.—Over three hundred oysters, large and small, with crews of from four to twelve men each, are engaged in bringing oysters to the Philadelphia market. These boats are absent on an average, two weeks on each trip, and carry from thirty to sixty thousand oysters, about half of which are consumed in this city, the balance being sent East and West, principally to the West; however, one oyster packer shipping West, each week, over one million of these lascivious bivalves. Many of the boats are owned by capitalists and founders, who hire the captains and crews, one-third of the proceeds going to the owners, the other two-thirds to those who "go down to the sea" in the boats.

FEEDING THE POOR AT NEW ORLEANS.—Since his occupation General Butler has fed, from United States stores in the hands of his quartermasters, some 30,000 poor people daily—rebel and Union, white and black. The people of the North, and the people of New Orleans, even, generally suppose that this hospitality has been indulged in at some cost to the government. This is an error. At the end of every month Gen. Butler calls upon the quartermasters for the expenses in feeding the poor. A bill is returned accordingly. Gen. Butler makes out a list of a few rich secessionists, and publishes it in *The Delta*, as follows:

The undersigned persons will call at these headquarters and pay the tax annexed to their names for the support of the poor of the city:

A REPORTED IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN NAVAL WARFARE.

Correspondence of the *Boston Traveller*.

BAY OF ALGIERAS, SPAIN, U. S. SHIP-
SLOOP OF WAR, "KEARSARGE," Sept. 7, 1862.—The officers of this ship, within the last three days, been electrified by an invention of our first Assistant Engineer, James W. Whittaker, Esq., of Trenton, New Jersey, which totally eclipses anything yet announced on the all important topic of iron-clad ships.

For obvious reasons, I am not at liberty, at present, to give details of this powerful agent for the destruction of such iron-clad antagonists as the Merrimac and Ironsides.

For its simplicity in design, completeness in construction, and certainty of execution, it cannot be excelled by anything yet invented or advanced. In fact, it is the event of the nineteenth century.

It revolutionizes the whole theory of naval warfare, and as long as its use is confined to our own navy, no other power in the world can be successful, no matter how many or what class of iron-clad ships may be brought against us.

It can be applied to any ship in the service at a comparatively nominal expense, and when so applied, even the Monitor or New Ironsides would be, when opposed, as helpless as were the Cumberland and Congress when attacked by the Merrimac.

Our captain, chief engineer, and other officers have examined it, and all concur in pronouncing it a perfect success; and the captain has detached the inventor from the ship and ordered him home with his plans to report in person to the Navy Department. Mr. Whittaker will probably leave on the 10th inst.

Need no experimental trial, and the time required for its construction, application and readiness for action, not exceeding three weeks' labor in any of our Navy Yards, we must soon hear of its acceptance by the Government and certain proofs of its utility. The navies of the world must disappear before this new and terrible opponent, while through its aid the Union will be restored, and the nation take her proper place as director of the affairs of the world.

We shall be very sorry to lose Mr. Whittaker, who is a thorough gentleman and universally liked by all his associates; but when we consider the immense benefit it will be to the Government to have the immediate use of his invention, we are reconciled to the loss of his society, and sincerely wish him all success in his mission.

We have been lying here for three months watching the *Sueter*, who is dangerous in spite of her best tests having been extracted, but we hope soon to be relieved by the *Tuscarora*, so that we can take a more active part in the war.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.—Mr. Park Harrison, from a study of the thermometric observations at Greenwich, finds that there is a tolerably constant increase of temperature from the new moon to the full, and a decrease from the full moon to the first quarter. He also finds that the maximum of rainy or cloudy days corresponds with the first half of the lunar period, and the maximum of fine, clear days with the last half. He explains the fact by the dispersing action of the full moon upon the clouds. This dispersing action is in turn accounted for by Sir John Herschel thus: The heat rays of the moon are almost inappreciable even to the most delicate instruments. Melloni found that the index of an extremely sensitive thermoelectric pile scarcely moved when a moonbeam was concentrated on it by a lens so powerful that a sunbeam thus converged would have burned platinum into vapor. The heat rays sent from the moon, therefore, must be intercepted and absorbed by our atmosphere. Being thus concentrated in the upper strata of the atmosphere, the heat necessarily warms that region, and thus dissipates the clouds and hinders their formation. The full moon will, therefore, clear the sky, and by so doing will lower the temperature of the earth, for clouds act as a blanket to the earth, keeping its heat from radiating into space. The new moon, deprived for some time of the sun's heat, is incapable of exercising a similar influence, and the rainy or cloudy days are, therefore, more frequent during the first half of the lunar period. Leverrier accepts this hypothesis of Herschel, but it has still been combated by other astronomers, and must still be considered as *solutio*.

CAPTAIN PRENTICE, son of George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal, who was wounded at the recent battle at Augusta, Kentucky, died on Tuesday, 30th ultimo, at Cincinnati. At the time of the battle he was acting Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment, and was taken prisoner after being wounded.

THE INDIANS IN MINNESOTA.—Intelligence has been received in Washington, in official quarters, that the Indians in Minnesota have ceased their hostilities and were surrendering, and that the military authorities were severely punishing the most prominent of the guilty parties. The entire number of warriors does not exceed 1,100.

The proposal said to be urged at Washington for raising ten thousand cavalry in California, is regarded at San Francisco as impracticable, if they are intended to enter the service before the fall of 1863. They could not start across the plains before April or May, arriving in Missouri in July or August, in a worn-down or half-starved condition. Ten thousand cavalry horses would cost in California twice their value in the Eastern states.

STATE ELECTIONS THIS WEEK.—Several important State elections will be held this week. Pennsylvania voted on Tuesday for Auditor General and Surveyor General, by general ticket, and also for members of Congress and Legislature, besides local officers. Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa also held their elections on Tuesday for several State officers (but not Governors) and members of Congress, &c. No Legislature, we believe, is to be chosen by this fall.

A BRAVE BOY.—Near Lake Shetek, sixty miles southwest of New Ulm, a family was surprised by Indians, the father killed, and the mother seized as a prisoner, but two children, one twelve years and the other two years of age, were concealed from the savages in a neighboring thicket of grass and weeds. After the alarm the mother thus concealed her children, her last words to the older boy being to "save his little brother, and never leave him."

The Indians disappearing with their captives and plunder, the brave lad, *with his brother on his back*, started for the nearest settlement, subsisting on wild fruits and roots, and reaching New Ulm in four days. About half way on this journey of sixty miles he overtook a neighbor named Ireland, who had laid down to die, having been struck by no less than eight bullets, and who boasted that it was hopeless to escape. "But," was the heroic reply of the boy, "my mother's last words were to save my little brother, and I am going to do it." This devoted courage gave new life to Ireland, who struggled forward, and all reached New Ulm without accident. Ireland is now recovering.

On the next day after the arrival at New Ulm the mother of the children was brought by a scouting party. The Indians, finding her an incumbrance to their retreat, and not being at the moment disposed to kill her, had left the woman on the prairie, and after wandering many days she was re-united to her children. —*St. Paul Press.*

PHILADELPHIA OYSTER TRADE.—Over three hundred oysters, large and small, with crews of from four to twelve men each, are engaged in bringing oysters to the Philadelphia market.

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FEEDING THE POOR AT NEW ORLEANS.—

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NEWS ITEMS.

It is gravely suggested by a correspondent, says the *Brooklyn News*, that Brigadier-General Frank Spinola will find it necessary to abate some portion of his mammoth shirt collar on going into battle. Otherwise, with such a prominent and immense display of white linen he will certainly be mistaken for a flag of truce.

THE CONSCRIPTION LAW IN THE SOUTH.—The ground taken by the Governor of Georgia against the Conscription Law of the Rebel Congress, is sustained by the Courts of that state. A man who had just been pressed into the rebel army as a conscript, has, under a *habeas corpus*, been released by Judge Thomas of the Superior Court, and the law been by him pronounced unconstitutional. Georgia evidently intends to abide by the doctrine of State Rights, which sent her out of the Union.

A WOMAN WAS CONVICTED at New Haven, last week, as a "common scold," under an old blue law, which applies only to females.

Mrs. CUSHMAN, it is said, is about to return from Paris, and enter upon the stage again, having lost most of her fortune.

This idea that the English are in the habit of sacrificing human victims has spread all over North-West India, has shown in Bombay, and has now broken out in Madras. The daughter of a collector in that presidency was to be married, and the day before the wedding the butler went into the village to buy some necessaries for the breakfast, but found it deserted. A report had gone abroad that twelve fat children were to be sacrificed, and the villagers fled to the jungle. After a great deal of trouble, the adults of the village were induced to return, but not a single child was visible till the wedding was over.

NUMISMATIC CURIOSITY.—A coin collector, not long since, purchased a French copper coin, which he discovered to be hollow. On applying a knife and using some little force, the two portions separated, and between the two discs was found a carefully wrought receptacle.

In Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," just published, appears a plausible explanation of the seeming mystery attending this hollow *decime*. Burglars and highwaymen were in the habit of preparing these coins in such a manner that a small saw, made from a watch spring, could be concealed in the hollow receptacle. If they were captured this copper money would not be taken from them, and they could open the hollow decime and use the saw in breaking fetters or ropes. No doubt Mr. Hadlock's coin is one that has served the purpose described by Victor Hugo.

JAMES R. COCHRANE, of Boston, had been in Missouri several years engaged in teaching. One day a rebel by the name of Andrew Burnett, met him and asked him to swear allegiance to the Confederate Government, and on his refusal threatened to shoot him. "Shoot!" said Cochrane, with patriotic allegiance to that traitor Government! Burnett drew his pistol and killed him on the spot.

CAPTAIN PRENTICE, son of George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal, who was wounded at the recent battle at Augusta, Kentucky, died on Tuesday, 30th ultimo, at Cincinnati. At the time of the battle he was acting Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment, and was taken prisoner after being wounded.

THE INDIANS IN MINNESOTA.—Intelligence has been received in Washington, in official quarters, that the Indians in Minnesota have ceased their hostilities and were surrendering, and that the military authorities were severely punishing the most prominent of the guilty parties. The entire number of warriors does not exceed 1,100.

The proposal said to be urged at Washington for raising ten thousand cavalry in California, is regarded at San Francisco as impracticable, if they are intended to enter the service before the fall of 1863. They could not start across the plains before April or May, arriving in Missouri in July or August, in a worn-down or half-starved condition. Ten thousand cavalry horses would cost in California twice their value in the Eastern states.

STATE ELECTIONS THIS WEEK.—Several important State elections will be held this week. Pennsylvania voted on Tuesday for Auditor General and Surveyor General, by general ticket, and also for members of Congress and Legislature, besides local officers. Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa also held their elections on Tuesday for several State officers (but not Governors) and members of Congress, &c. No Legislature, we believe, is to be chosen by this fall.

A BRAVE BOY.—Near Lake Shetek, sixty miles southwest of New Ulm, a family was surprised by Indians, the father killed, and the mother seized as a prisoner, but two children, one twelve years and the other two years of age, were concealed from the savages in a neighboring thicket of grass and weeds. After the alarm the mother thus concealed her children, her last words to the older boy being to "save his little brother, and never leave him."

The Indians disappearing with their captives and plunder, the brave lad, *with his brother on his back*, started for the nearest settlement, subsisting on wild fruits and roots, and reaching New Ulm in four days. About half way on this journey of sixty miles he overtook a neighbor named Ireland, who had laid down to die, having been struck by no less than eight bullets, and who boasted that it was hopeless to escape. "But," was the heroic reply of the boy, "my mother's last words were to save my little brother, and I am going to do it." This devoted courage gave new life to Ireland, who struggled forward, and all reached New Ulm without accident. Ireland is now recovering.

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THE OCEAN AND THE FALL OF RAIN.—The Atlantic ocean includes an area of 25,000,000 square miles. Suppose the rain to fall upon only one fifth of this vast expanse, it would weight 360,000,000 tons, and the salt which, as water, is held in solution in the sea, and which, when the water was taken up as vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi river during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the ocean than the fall of rain supposed. And yet the operations of nature that movements so vast are unperceived!

THE PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized were from \$3 to \$4 cents per lb. 1000 Cows brought from \$30 to \$35 per head. 6000 Sheep were sold at from \$2 to \$2.25 per head. 650 Hogs sold at \$5.00 to \$6.00 per cwt net.

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